

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατον τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo.* sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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THE first Philharmonic Concert of the season took place on Monday evening, in the presence of an audience, neither very numerous nor remarkably the reverse; just such an attendance in short, as might be expected for some second-rate benefit-concert, but certainly not one of those high-pressure squeezings of humanity, that once used to be exhibited on such occasions, and that we could wish to see again. However, since, according to the old musician's consolation, music sounds better in an empty room, we should not, personally, care much about the scarcity of listeners; but that, unfortunately, money operates here as everywhere else, and we can no more expect alacrity in fiddlers' elbows, than in mares' legs without it. On ordinary occasions, the state of the concert-room may not be an accurate index of the strength of the subscription; still, we take it, the subscribers would muster pretty fully on an opening night, and if they did so on Monday evening, allowing for members, associates, and the remaining privileged few, we strongly suspect the subscription-list (when the directors think proper to publish it), will show a grievous curtailment of its *quondam* proportions. On this point—as we expressed in a past article on the Philharmonic Society—there is much room for regret on the part of musicians generally. The question now evidently is, whether or not the Philharmonic shall cease to exist after this season. It has now gone past all disputes as to the remedy of this or that abuse, or the change of old systems for new. As in political institutions, the time during which changes may be effectively advocated has a limit, but that being passed, the opportunity for immediate reform is lost, and the difficulty becomes how to preserve the institution from present death, from the accumulation of its many diseases, in the hope that during some securer state of existence it may be possible to effect the radical cure proposed. This strikes us as being the precise state of the Philharmonic Society. For years past its errors have been great and undeniable; the decrepitude of its councils has increased with the years of its members; every one, except perhaps the direct agents in the mischief, has seen it; and the tongues and pens of the

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younger order of musicians had been prolific of complaint. But while talking and writing have been doing their best on the one hand, the evils complained of have been growing older and more stubborn on the other. The Society has been too trustful to its own strength; proud of its European celebrity and of its many years' existence, it has despised the warnings kindly given for its health's sake, until at length the complication of its disorder defies an instant and wholesome cure, and the only point now to be settled is, shall musicians support it with might and main in its extremity, trusting to reform it when present danger be past, or shall they serve it as it has too often served them—neglect and condemn it, and send it to its last account with all its imperfections on its head.

In music, as in politics, there are many subjects which, in the minds of honest thinkers, are out of the reach of all party considerations, and one of these, we think, is the present condition of the Philharmonic Society. That the direction of its affairs has not kept pace with the improved musical feeling of the time is deplorable; that silly songs have been permitted in its concerts for the amusement of fashionable singers, is lamentable; that all manner of extravagant soloists have been allowed to caper on their several instruments for the pleasure of simple stagers, is distressing; and more than all have our young musicians of genius a right to complain that their merits have been overlooked by an institution bound, no less by its principles than by its position, to foster them. We are willing to go any desired length in admitting the pressure of these evils; nay, more—we would say to the opposition, "turn out the present administration if you can, and manage things better in God's name!"—but here we stop. We will not, *in the present position of the Society*, be party to any system of wholesale abuse at its measures, far less vexatious opposition to its attempts at self-regeneration: and for one more reason than that it is not exactly fair play—viz. that should such a system become general, the Philharmonic must cease to exist;—we should thus lose a grand concert-establishment, and, in its place, have left but its disintegrated elements, which in the present state of the music-market, it would puzzle wise heads to form into a new society of equal importance to the old one. We are anxious, most anxious for the society's preservation in the hope of an improved administration of its affairs. By this principle we shall be guided in all our future discussions of the subject; and with the remark that the announcements of the directors already promise an unusual amount of energy, we now leave it.

We subjoin the programme of the first concert, together with the very few comments we have—at present at least—to make on the performance.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, No. 4.....	Haydn.
Aria—(Mr. Bennett) "Se il nostro pianto" (Il Seraglio).....	Mozart.
Concerto, Pianoforte, Mme. Dulcken.....	C. M. Von Weber.
Scena—(Miss Birch) "Ah perfido".....	Beethoven.
Overture—Ulysses and Circe.....	B. Romberg.

ACT II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 7.....	Beethoven.
Scena—(Miss Masson) "Sommo Ciel".....	Zingarelli.
Concerto, Violin, Mr. Deloffre.....	Mayeder.
Terzetto—"Dolce ne guai ristoro" (Faniska).....	Cherubini.
Overture—Joseph.....	Mehul.

In all the orchestral pieces, but more particularly in the two symphonies, the wind instruments were markedly inferior to the quartett in precision and general effect. The former were always too strong, frequently out of time, and in one or two

instances, which we may be disposed to particularize on any repetition of similar carelessness, guilty of the most wanton inaccuracy; while the string band came out with a vigour and unity of force which we scarcely before remember even at these concerts. Of the two vocal displays in the first act, the first was of a singer too good for the song, and the second of a song too good for the singer, who, in addition to other imperfections, took the music one half too slow throughout. In the *scena* of the second act, again, the singer was infinitely too good for the song. Miss Masson sustained her reputation as the best of English classical singers, and Zingarelli's "Sommo ciel" is as stupid and square-cut an affair as can well be imagined. Mme. Dulcken executed the same concerto which she played at her late concert, with a great deal of brilliancy, nevertheless letting us hear that she was tasked to the extent of her powers; and M. Deloffre played for a long while on the violin, but we cannot pretend to judge his style of performance until he takes occasion to perform music less calculated to send phlegmatic musicians to sleep, and drive fiery ones into the street.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FOREIGN COPYRIGHTS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Viewing your publication as the most proper medium for a subject affecting all classes musically inclined, whether the public, composers, managers, or teachers, I hope the following statement will be deemed worthy of insertion in your widely circulating periodical, and prove the means of further elucidation and exposition, or refutation.

A practice has of late years prevailed of publishers setting up a claim to the exclusive copyright for the British dominions in the works of foreign composers, such as Auber, Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante, Rossini, &c. (which are printed abroad and are copyright there), these authors generally writing operas for foreign theatres. A claim is equally laid to all the productions emanating from, or founded upon the subjects contained in such operas, published all over the continent or world, prohibiting all other parties from importing or printing them (even though not published by the claimant); and if arranged by a native artist, rejecting or taking them only on his own (the publisher's) exacting terms.

You, Mr. Editor, are doubtless aware of the multitudinous shapes in music to which an opera gives rise. Securing the ground-work, viz. the opera, all arrangements, of whatever description, are of course only open to such "claiming proprietor" to publish. The original operas are generally with French or Italian words, but *portions only are printed here*, principally with English words as produced at the English theatres, or new words adapted to them. These are entered at Stationer's Hall, are deposited in the British Museum and other public libraries; but they must be so entered under the most deceptive and coloured titles as regards the mutilated contents—conduct unworthy of the authors, as well as the institutions into whose libraries such works are admitted. From the foregoing these conclusions are arrived at: 1st. The public, authors, and public libraries are injured and imposed upon; 2nd. The native profession are circumscribed in their capacity of arrangers, &c. from not having access to the subjects, which may be a principal cause of the preponderance of foreign names among our present musical publications; so many of the latter, from causes before named, being obtained gratuitously.

It is much questioned whether there is any legality in this monopoly; English literature (to judge from M. M. Galignani's and Stassin et Xavier's lists of English books) appears to have no protection in France. The international copyright act (literature and music) passed in 1838, requires reciprocity, and former acts contain the expression as meaning (in the clause against importation) "That no person shall import for sale any book first composed, written, or published in any part of the said United Kingdom, and reprinted in any other country or place whatsoever.—41 Geo. III." Again, "Provided, that nothing in this act contained do extend, or shall be construed to extend to prohibit the importation, vending, or selling of any books in Greek, Latin, or any other foreign language, printed beyond the seas: anything in this act contained to the contrary notwithstanding.—8 Anno." How far music *without words* may be considered a foreign

language, may probably be argued, but connected with words the latter would at once decide.

It has often been complained that the music department of the British Museum is not in the best state for reference, &c. The *quality of its books* may also be feared: though protected by enactment (54 Geo. 3.), "that the whole of every book and of every volume thereof, together with all maps and prints belonging thereto, shall be delivered to different public libraries, and also that the copy to the British Museum shall be on the best paper." *What editions may not now be found?* To those interested in the integrity of a national depository, if *music be not beneath notice*, inquiry will not be in vain. For the present I conclude; always, Sir, your constant reader,

London, Feb. 16, 1841.

AREOTICUS.

[We agree with "Areoticus" as to the apparent illegality of the claim of English publishers to foreign copyrights. This is a subject of the highest importance both to the trade and to the profession, and we sincerely hope the above letter may draw to it the attention of those parties most interested.]

Our readers may remember several contentions between rival publishers as to the right of printing portions of foreign operas, or arrangements from the same, which have, however, to the best of our knowledge, been always settled by arbitration, a very politic termination to such disputes, since the plaintiff might usually expect to be arraigned as defendant in a similar cause. It is not improbable that the action now pending between the houses of Chappell and Purday of Holborn, respecting the property in the *overture* to "Fra Diavolo," may bring the matter in question far towards an issue, for the latter, claiming no foreign copyrights of their own, and having considerable independence and perseverance, are very likely to pursue it to the uttermost.—Ed. M. W.]

ORCHESTRAL TROMBONE PLAYING.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I am sure you will allow me to draw attention to a great musical abuse. I allude to the manner in which professors of the trombone use their instruments in the orchestra. What can be more horrid to the musician's ear than their terrific blasts, outweighing in strength the whole band, and constituting a solo with accompaniments? The real tone of every instrument is such as is produced without effort, witness that of Barret's oboe and Lazarus's clarionet; so that of the trombone is the smooth delicious tone which soft playing produces, and which is so strongly recommended by Mendelssohn. Even Dantonet, that prince of trombonists, is too loud in forte passages.—I am, your constant reader,

TOUT ENSEMBLE.

[We agree with our correspondent as to the ill effect of brazen preponderance, but wonder that he is able to single out M. Dantonet from the *army* of brass instruments that unite in forte passages at Drury-lane: we differ with "Tout Ensemble" as to the parties blameable, whom we think to be less the trombone-players than the orchestral directors.—Ed. M. W.]

REVIEW.

Bibliothèque Classique; or Wessel and Co.'s editions of Instrumental Compositions by the most eminent authors, arranged for two performers on the pianoforte.

This work places Mr. Wessel's spirit as a publisher in a very advantageous light; since, in these mammon-serving days, there are but few who are not almost frightened out of their shops by the bare idea of risking anything on the printing of classical music. Mr. Wessel is decidedly one of the unterrified few, and much hearty good-feeling do musicians owe him for the pains he is at.

No. 7. of this work, now before us, contains Spohr's grand symphony in D minor, arranged by his brother Ferdinand. This is a beautiful composition—except perhaps the "Weihe der Tone," the best of its author's symphonies; and its arrangement is admirable. We recommend it as an especial treat to those who enjoy a half-hour's quiet music at a pianoforte.

Echo of the Opera. No. 18.

This is another of Mr. Wessel's praiseworthy undertakings—a series of overtures as pianoforte duets. The present number contains Spohr's overture to *Macbeth*, of which the only fault is, perhaps, that it is too short. This is also beautifully arranged by Mockwitz.

We know no publication of the sort in which the selections are so well made, the arrangements so uniformly good, and the "getting out" so generally creditable, as these now noticed; and we sincerely hope they will repay the care expended on them.

"*Les Bayaderes.*" *Brilliant quadrilles, composed by J. R. Ling.*

These are very pretty things of their kind; more elegant than such affairs usually are, and decidedly "brilliant" without being at all difficult.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)—You will think me a very idle correspondent, but you are mistaken, for since I wrote you last I have been to Turin and Genoa, and have seen and heard more than I could possibly detail in a "Times" broad sheet—do not, however, be alarmed either for your printer or your readers, for I shall cut the picturesque, and merely acquaint you with the musical lions I have encountered. The *Teatro Reale*, at Turin, is one of the largest and richest in Italy, which is no little commendation, seeing that everywhere here the affairs of state are infinitely petty and pigmy; and, next to the church, the opera is the paramount object of attraction. The company at this house is a good one—the chorus well drilled, and the band, saving the constitutional sin of Italian orchestras, *il schiamazzanza*, is excellent. I was present at the *debut* of Erminia Frizzolini, in Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda*, and am not surprised at the *furor* she has created. She is young, handsome, and decidedly the best native singer I have heard; and the hopes of the Italians are in the ascendant with the success of this young lady, on account of the large importation of foreigners which the dearth of indigenous female talent has lately occasioned. I am but a poor prophet (though out of my *own* country), but I could not help fancying, during the performance, that "La Frizzolini" was destined one day or other to waken the foggy echoes of the Haymarket. Her style is pure, her intonation perfect, her manner graceful, and her expression most womanishly touching. Romani, the most eminent librettist of the opera stage, and author of the *Beatrice*, is retained in Turin, by the king, as editor of the "*Giornale Piemontese.*" In that paper he has written a most eloquent and candid critique of the merits of the *debutante*, which concludes thus:—"Dico ch'ella è già adesso e sarà maggiormente in avvenire, il più valido sostegno del Teatro melo-drammatico e dell' arte musicale d'Italia." Erminia Frizzolini is not entirely new to the stage, but this is her first engagement as *prima donna* in a theatre of the first rank.

But I am off for Genoa *la superba!*—superb indeed I found it even now, in the very depth of winter. The *Teatro Agostino*, like almost all the other buildings, is of marble, and a fine specimen of external architecture; much of the interior is also of marble or scagliola, which must cool the temperature in summer and produce a dazzling effect; but at this season it is covered with drapery, and the *ensemble* is dull and untheatrical. I heard the new opera of Nicolai on its second performance, and a more flimsy, mawkish affair my poor ears have not hitherto encountered—"it is gone to the tomb of the Capulets," and there is no need to say more than that *Gildeppe ed Odoardo* richly merited the fate of *Il Templario*, at Venice, and that it has received it. Mercadante's *Vestale* is again in full play. There is but little to say respecting our doings at Milan. Coletti, whose misfortunes, from his rivalry of Tamburini, in London, whether just or not, stick to him, has appeared in Donizetti's *Torquato Tasso*, with no applause, and something worse. It is one of the characteristics of the Italians, that while they

utterly ridicule our English singers, they hold in the highest reverence our judgment of the art of singing: thus Rubini was absolutely nobody till he had passed the London ordeal; Grisi was sighed off the *Scala* stage; and poor Coletti will be years before he recovers his former rank in Italy. I confess I cannot like him: his style is so cold and old-tragedyified. It has been additionally unfortunate for him that *Torquato* was chosen for his *debut*, as Ronconi, who was a short time at the *Opera Buffa*, in London, has made and left a lasting reputation here in that character. An opera, by Donizetti, called *La Fausta*, has been played with very equivocal success; though the principal members of the corps did their utmost, the greatest portion of it will assuredly partake, in *perpetuo*, the narcotic sleep it brought upon its auditors. Mlle. Cerito is the main attraction at the *Scala*; she has lately received a *carte blanche* from the *Academie Royale*, in Paris; but I hear she is fully engaged till the end of 1842, alternating between England, Germany, and Italy, the lavishment of her smiles and graces, when she is expected to thaw the Neva, and fire the heart of the Emperor at St. Petersburg. I learn from Venice that the *fiasco* of Nicolai's *Templario* has ruined the season of the *Teatro Fenice*—empty houses always lack enthusiasm—diamonds cannot sparkle in the dark—hence the failure, I suppose, of your once indispensable favourite, M. Ivanhoff, who is pronounced to be a mere second-rate second singer! At Florence, Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo* has made a great sensation; the pageantry, diablerie, and scenic effects, hitherto unknown to the Florentines, are relished with the highest *gusto*, and the music, though somewhat hard of digestion in ears accustomed alone to milk and honey, nevertheless goes down, and may perhaps, in due time, help to invigorate the debilitated system. Your old London acquaintance, Porto, is very popular in the part of *Bertramo*, and Delmasi (a Frenchman of the real cognomen Dumas, sometime a favourite at Lyons) is well spoken of in *Roberto*.

The little *Teatre Re* here has enjoyed and merited great success. It has been opened by Signor Merelli, the well known opera agent, with a company destined for the spring season at Vienna. Mlle. Castellan, a clever French *artiste*, is the star of the company. There has been a new opera while I was absent, but it is, and will ever be, one of the *has beens*. It was proposed to produce the *Huguenots* here, but the attempt has been found impracticable. The house is about the dimensions of the Adelphi; but they want Yates, with his tact and talent for "peculiar effects," ere they can bring forth such a mountain at a mouse's labour. I saw Signor Gabussi last week, post haste on his road to Venice, with a folio of scores of a new opera which he is about to produce there; he was in sanguine spirits. The weather has been, and is, intense; we are all freezing as we go; and the sun, not merely smiling, but absolutely in a broad grin at our endurance.

Albergo della Regina d'Inghilterra Contrada Larga.

No. 3267, in *Milano*, 10th February, 1841.

FRANCE.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)—There has been little to recount, though a superabundance to hear and distract one's attention of late—the *bals masqués* at the *Academie*, the Renaissance, and the *Opera Comique*, have been by far the most attractive resorts during the long and severely cold weather; and it is but within these few days that *la vraie musique* has resumed her imperial influence. I say *la vraie* music, because we have had no lack of fiddling and braying and noise; Messrs. Musard and Co. having racked their fantastic cerebrums to spin out new combinations of old atrocities for the excitement of salutory evolution in the frost-bitten pedal digits of *Les belles danseuses*—if your promenade concerts continue, which, by a side-wind, I learn to be a dubious supposition. you may yet be inflicted with the last new enormity yclept *Rejouissance Militaire*, in which one of the airs is accompanied by the clashing of swords, the air of the finale is *obligato* for eight side-drums tuned to the scale, and the whole terminates with an imitation of a *feu de joie*, executed by the side-drums in unrithmical *staccato* and a pair of pistols, each with six barrels discharged in rapid

sequence, which invariably calls forth a scream from the ladies and a shout from their chevaliers, quite in harmony with the smoke and *mauvaise odeur* of the gunpowder!

The Académie Royale is still in the descendant, though Dupres has been lately going through his most favourite *roles*, and the ballet of *Le Diable Amoureux* has created some sensation. A new opera by M. Thomas progresses but slowly in its rehearsals, and a lazy heedlessness seems to pervade the establishment. Mario is re-engaged, with permission to be absent for a short visit to London. Mdle. Loewe has arrived, but it should seem that her trumpet has been blown too loudly, for it is said M. Pilet, the manager of the Académie, has declined to ratify her contract. Halévy's *Guitarrero* draws good houses at the Opera Comique, which theatre at present has the start of its competitors. Auber's *Diamants de la Couronne* is said to be ready, but postponed during the great popularity of the present performances. *Don Giovanni* and *Beatrice de Tenda* have been played by the Italian company in great perfection; but the Odeon theatre is too far out of the *beau monde* to gather up its indolent atoms into masses commensurate for the support of a heavy establishment. I was told last week, on fair authority, that, besides Laporte's corps at Her Majesty's Theatre, M. Dermoy was to visit London after Easter with Sig. Tamburini, who will not engage with his old manager, and the second singers of the Odeon, proposing to have alternate nights, either with the Italian or German opera during a short season, at low prices. I place little reliance on this rumour, because the incessant musical and theatrical intrigues carried on in Paris for the advancement of individual pretensions and party interests, make one *dubieuse* of everything said, until one sees something done. M. Laporte has left for Milan.

If the sudden appearance of numberless peculiarly dressed persons, and the announcement of countless polyconsonantal names in every musical rendezvous here, may be taken as an augury of musical migration, you will assuredly be visited in due course by a larger flock of nondescripts—commonly called, *par excellence*, "Foreign Talent"—than London hospitality, gullibility, and lionology, have hitherto entertained. I never go into a music shop now without encountering some newly imported specimen of the long-haired, big-whiskered, cadaverously sentimental-looking genus with a low-crowned hat, collar turned down, pea-green gloves, or some such noticeable unusuality; and the obdurate cognomens they bring with them, which ought to be prohibited by law save upon macadamized roads, are hourly multiplying the business of the Palais Royal dentists to a fearful extent. It is ludicrous to hear the fanciful variations given to the utterance of the euphonious titles of Herr Bedfghlmm, Sieur Pystw, and Madame Zxtgmlkchd, &c. &c., and one is naturally led to ask the question—why is our parlative ingenuity so tested? and how do we tolerate in sane society the semifrenzied appearance, to say nothing of the absolutely rabid doings of the exotics so appellated? to which the simple answer is that Germany having, by divine right, or lucky accident, given birth to the fathers and princes of modern music, every human production of the soil between the Rhine and the Danube, philosophically inculcates the belief in himself and others, that he is a legitimate heir-apparent to the Elisian mantle of the great masters—hence the atrocious quantity of submediocrity with which the overflowsings of the German dominions inundate the rest of Europe—and hence amongst the unthinking and credulous that monstrous bigotry which kneels towards Vienna as the Turk does to Mecca, and insists on the musical supremacy of a country which, in proportion to its number of students, possesses fewer really eminent musicians than any other equally civilized nation in the world. The French, who it must be owned, have some musical reputation to boast of, begin to see through this absurd fanaticism; and, prompted by their national *amour propre*, will very speedily shake off the old-fashioned German orthodoxy, as they have done other prejudices political and ecclesiastical; but in England where every thing un-indigenous is at so high a premium that a joint-stock company for the supply of foreign atmosphere, would certainly prove a prosperous speculation, in England, and in London particularly, I am afraid all the sterling merit from the young school of musicians, and all the persuasions of the right-minded on

the subject must be long exerted ere a complete conversion to the true faith will be accomplished.*

From such absurdities and painful considerations, it is most pleasant to turn to a subject of real merit—young Vieuxtemps gave his concert last Saturday at the *salon* of M. Henri Herz, the best music room in Paris, which was gorged to repletion with all the musical *monde*. Besides the *concerto* of which I lately gave you some account, this extraordinary violinist executed a new *capriccio* which baffles the power of my pen to describe—as a composition, it is full of originality, variety, and unequivocal excellence—as a performance, it is beyond comparison with that of any artist, present, or past, in my recollection. It is Paganini without his unworthy eccentricities—it is the pure juice of the grape without its fermentation and without its alloy. The entire audience rose with enthusiasm during the *coda* of the *capriccio*, and amidst the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the expression "*unique*" was heard from the lips of the most eminent musicians and amateurs of Paris.

There was a fine concert at the *Conservatoire* last Sunday, at which Haydn's B flat symphony was admirably given, and several pieces from Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, and *Sampson*—the French have yet to learn before they can understand or appreciate the style of the great oratorist. We have had several good concerts during the week, and the Musard and Valentino *soirees* continue their nightly popularity. Your English opera scheme is much talked of here—I hope it prospers well—the cause has my heart, though it cannot have my helping hand.

Hotel de Nantz, Place Carousel, Feb. 1841.

METROPOLITAN.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—For a notice of the first concert, see the leading article.

QUARTET CONCERTS.—The sixth season of these very classical and highly interesting performances commenced on Thursday last, when, to the honour of amateurship be it spoken, a numerous, if not a crowded, audience assembled, who attended to and applauded the various pieces with a most musicianly feeling. The careful and artistic exertions of Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas, during the last five seasons, in the selection of the finest specimens of this very high order of music, and, far more, in the bestowal of the utmost pains to bring its performance so near as possible to perfection, have done very much to promulgate a feeling, not merely for quartet playing, but, indeed, for the intellectual and classical in all branches of music: for good taste is a fast spreading plant, which, when once it takes root, if in the smallest crevice of the human mind, will surely extend itself throughout that fertile soil, and produce the golden fruit, a perfect appreciation of the beautiful. Thus impressed with the service rendered by these concertists to the cause of music,—albeit, they have by the same means established for themselves a lasting reputation—we most earnestly commend their undertaking to the patronage of every real dilettante.

To speak generally of the performance of Thursday, we may remark that "the four" have acquired considerable vigour and animation, while they retain all that purity of style and delicacy of finish which has ever characterized their performances. It is, perhaps, unjust to individualize a quaternity who are so well concerted, yet we cannot but notice an apparent want of confidence in Mr. Gattie, who makes the part of the second violin sometimes too secondary; and an apparent want of strength in Mr. Lucas, whose artistic manner makes us feel the more the occasional insufficiency of his tone.

The concert commenced with Beethoven's *Quartet in B flat*, from his op. 18, which was played with the happiest conception of the author's meaning. We

* Our correspondent writes in the midst of the greatest national enthusiasts in Europe, and seems to be impregnated with their dispartiality to everything without the limits of their own sphere: his remarks on Tedescan nauterability and other peculiarities are indeed very little to the purpose, but as we have smiled at them, we give his letter entire, trusting they will be no less amusing to our readers.—ED. M. W.

had then a *Scena* of Weber, "Was sag' ich," by Mme. Caradori, which we do not remember to have previously met with, and which we therefore proceed to particularize. It consists of a short recitative, an andante, and an allegro animato; and describes the anxiety of a maiden whose lover and preserver is in danger. It abounds in passages and phrases decidedly Weberish, and though, as a whole, it is not one of the author's best productions of the kind, contains many bursts of passion, particularly in the last movement in E major, which prove the individuality and the intensity of his genius. It was beautifully sung. Then followed a most serene and charming song of Beethoven, "An Address to the Moon," which was sung with much purity, and with unexceptionable intonation, by Mr. Hobbs. The first movement of this song, in A minor, is decidedly original, and equally beautiful; from the second movement in A major, as likewise from many of the early compositions of Beethoven, it may be remarked how entirely the style of this author has grown out of that of his two great predecessors, Haydn and Mozart. This observation tempts us to believe that transcendent musical genius is a kind of phoenix, of which the world can possess but one at a time, each springing from the ashes of its parent, and at first appearing to mankind in the same likeness, but as it wings its glorious flight to immortality, assuming an identical character of its own, which forms the germ of future generations.

The first act concluded with a *Trio* for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Reber, now played for the first time in England. This work is peculiarly attractive, as introducing a new name to our list of classical composers. Reber is a young Frenchman, the darling of the Conservatoire, the protégé of the Parisian connoisseurs, in short, to judge from the international report that has reached us of his merits, and the estimation in which they are held, the Sterndale Bennett of the French academy. We listened with the liveliest interest to this trio, and boast ourselves amply repaid for all our attention; we say "boast," because we esteem high talent a cosmopolite, and we felt, throughout his composition, that M. Reber is no unworthy member of the empire of genius. The trio is certainly the most artistlike emanation we have ever yet met with from its author's vain and volatile countrymen: it is equally free from the frivolous lightness of the majority of the French vocal writers, and from the affected, constrained, and unnatural ostentation of Berlioz; it is original without being eccentric, indeed indicates musical feeling of the first order, and promises a very happy development of it. The subject of the first movement in E flat is rather trite, but it is relieved by very happy and ingenious treatment; the introduction of the second subject is strikingly new and effective: and is an admirable variety to the usual form of making a half close on the dominant. The slow movement in A flat was the least effective portion of the work, which was rather monotonous from the continual repetition of the same melodic accent; but it contains some beautiful passages. The Scherzo was, as is generally the case in the works of young writers, the most striking portion of the whole; the modulating into F minor and thence into C major, in the second part, is singularly beautiful; and the quaint harmonies in the trio very piquant and effective. The last movement is built upon a strange, old-fashioned subject, that reminded us greatly of the manner of an old English sea-song: (we recommend this morceau to the notice of Mr. Chappell, who might surely concoct from it an illustration of some national peculiarity for his next volume of English tones); this movement is, with one exception, worked with admirable skill, and the protracted cadence at the conclusion is quite masterly. The instance of inexperience we allude to is the very *jeune* expedient of commencing a fugue on a portion of the first subject, which seems always the resource of a young writer, when at a loss how to conduct the plan of his movement.

We find so much to admire in this trio as to make us anxious for the importation of more of M. Reber's compositions, and we look upon it as a happy augury for the cause of good music in France, that such a writer seems to be so justly appreciated. We will say little of the performance, for Mrs. Anderson's very hard and very loud playing leaves us little to praise, and we are loth to censure.

The second act consisted of a very narcotic and laboured *Quartet in C of Andreas Romberg*, Mozart's *Duet of "Ah Pardona,"* a trifling but somewhat pretty bolero of Burgmüller, and the heavenly *Quintet in G minor of Mozart*. We have devoted so much space to the previous portion of the concert, that we must, of necessity, abstain from commenting upon this last, most wondrous composition, though upon the ample theme of its beauties, we might write a volume and still find something good to talk of. The quintet was played most exquisitely.

Before closing this notice we must point out what is to our feeling a most heinous fault throughout the performance of nearly the whole selection; namely, the non-repetition of the first parts of movements, which appears to us a useless aberration from the author's meaning, and certainly injures the effect of the whole by rendering the several parts disproportionate. Let us hope this, the only circumstance of the evening unworthy the musicianly spirit that prevailed, will not be the case at the future concerts of the series.

MR. T. BAKER AND MR. A. H. TULL'S CONCERT.—These young professors gave a concert at the Prince's Theatre, last evening. Mr. Baker played a *fantasia for the violin* on "Tu vedrai," by E. Jall. We cannot much compliment his performance, and shall therefore not comment upon it. Mr. Tull performed one of Mr. Richardson's *fantasias* on the flute, and accompanied Miss Susan Hobbs in "Lo, here the gentle lark," which she sang with pure style and clear execution. Mr. Tull has a good tone and considerable command of his instrument; he was much, and very deservedly, applauded. Mdlle. Launitz played Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, and Beethoven's Trio in B flat on the piano-forte, with very great rapidity of execution, and much enthusiasm for the beauties she performed. Though we must always censure the mutilation of classical music, instance the entire omission of Mendelssohn's slow movement, we greatly command the judgment of this young lady in playing such stirring compositions, and heartily concur in the applause she met with. Mme. Caradori, Mme. Lablache, Mrs. Toulmin, Miss Steele, Signors F. Lablache and Brizzi, sang, with their usual effect. We cannot admire the introduction of Mr. W. Ball's comic songs at an entertainment of this nature; however fascinating this gentleman's lyrical eccentricities may be at a private soiree, we certainly think the public performance of them much more suited to the Cyder Cellars than to a benefit concert. Mdlle. Launitz played on one of Zeitter's pianofortes, which was remarkable for clearness and brilliancy; it has some of the metallic tone of Erard's, and more distinctness than the generality of that maker's instruments. We are inclined to recommend Zeitter's pianofortes to the consideration of public performers.

MISS STIRLING'S ORGAN PERFORMANCE.—Miss Stirling, whose rare talent for organ-playing has become generally known, gave a performance at the Apollonicon on Wednesday evening. Whatever doubt might have existed as to the probability of ever hearing some of the greatest difficulties of old Bach from the hands of a lady, has certainly been banished by this display. Some of his great pedal fugues, the four, in A minor, G major, G minor, and C minor, may be reckoned very fair specimens of the difficulties and beauties of the class to which they belong, and these Miss Stirling executed with the severest accuracy and at a speed exactly compatible with the spirit of the music. Besides all this, the powers of the fair executant were still more severely tested by two of Bach's trios—that in A on the *chorale*, "Allein Gott in der Hoh" (the first one in Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*), and that in E flat. In these, the perplexities of hands and feet are more severe and more continuous than in the pedal-fugues, but these, also, Miss Stirling played with perfect smoothness and accuracy, and, apparently without effort. After the perfectly clear execution of difficulties, the most striking features of Miss Stirling's performance are, the metronomic regularity of her time, and her extreme placidity of demeanour;—not only are there none of those large contortions which generally accompany feats of organ-playing, but there is not even the slightest gesture of face or form. These are both, doubtless, excellent and rare qualities; but the former may very often be advantageously dispensed with. We recommend to Miss Stirling an occasional relaxation in the rigidity of her *tempo*, on the ground that such music as the

pieces she selected from Handel and Haydn was not only never intended for such inflexibility of movement, but even acquires a stiff and mechanical air from its use. The room was abundantly filled, and the audience (including a large number of connoisseurs) were evidently highly gratified with the entertainment.

MELODISTS' CLUB.—The second meeting of this society took place on Thursday last, at the Freemason's Tavern, B. B. Cabbell, Esq. in the chair. The following were among the vocalists who were present; Mr. Parry, the secretary, Mr. John Parry, Mr. Edward Taylor, Mr. Turle, Mr. Allen, Mr. Spencer, Mr. G. Stansbury, Sig. Brizzi, Mr. J. O. Atkins, and Mr. Blewitt: M. Baumann the bassoon player, Mr. Neate the pianist, and Mr. T. Wright the harp player, were also of the party. In the course of the evening several glees and some vocal and instrumental solos were performed with very good effect. Mr. Parry announced that two prizes would be given in the course of the season, the candidates to be confined to the members of the club.

ANCIENT BRITONS.—The 127th Festival of the Welsh Charity School was celebrated in the Freemason's Hall on Monday, the Earl of Powis in the chair, when about £1100 was collected. 184 children passed around the Hall, and a portion of them sung an ode, written by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, which was loudly encored. Several Welsh melodies were sung, as solos, also harmonized, by Messrs. Collyer, Fitzwilliam, J. O. Atkins, Calkin, H. B. Richards, Parry, Parry, jun., Masters Stevens and Lissant of Westminster Abbey. Instead of *Non Nobis*, a grace in the ancient British language, adapted to a very old melody, harmonized, was sung with a novel and good effect.

SINGING SCHOOL FOR SCHOOLMASTERS.—Mr. John Hullah repeated the preliminary lecture of his course on vocal instruction, at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday evening. We look upon it as a most important step towards the generalization of musical knowledge, and through that means to the establishment of musical taste in England that the government at length countenances, if it do not unreservedly support, an institution for promulgating the study of music among the mass of the population. It gives us great pleasure to observe that the system to be employed, which it was the object of the present discourse to explain, appears to us admirably adapted to its purpose: it is quite new to this country, although not originally of Mr. Hullah's invention, it is, however, due to this gentleman to state that he had, previously to his visiting the French metropolis, for the purpose of ascertaining the principles so successfully applied by M. Wilhelm, made considerable progress in a work on the subject of sight-singing which, by a strange coincidence, was, for the most part, based upon the same idea as the Parisian method.

It would be unfair to attempt to give a synopsis of this lecture, which was itself but an epitome of an extensive course; for it would be impossible, in a further condensed form to convey any clear account of the system. It is at once simple and scientific, inasmuch as it is remarkably intelligible to the meanest capacity, and develops all the fundamental principles of music with great perspicuity. Mr. Hullah has evidently made himself a perfect master of his subject, and by his efficient delivery on Tuesday, appeared to be fully capable of imparting it to others. The performance of several exercises by a large number of the pupils of the lecturer, amply illustrated the efficacy of the system. We congratulate Mr. Hullah on his appointment under the Educational Committee; he was formerly a student in the Royal Academy of Music, where he appears to have imbibed the artistic enthusiasm which is so widely diffused by that institution. It is gratifying to notice another instance of the preferment of a musician brought up in the true principles of the science.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M.W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

EDINBURGH.—College Concert.—The performance noticed last week was repeated without variation on Friday, February 13th, in consequence of the immense demand for tickets.

SALISBURY, Feb. 26th.—The Philharmonic Society gave its last concert of the season last night; the room was crowded. The band, led by Mr. W. Cramer, and conducted by Mr. C. W. Corfe, the organist of the cathedral, played Mozart's symphony in E flat, and several overtures in a creditable manner. Mr. W. L. Phillips and Mr. J. Conduit played Corelli's sonata, No. 4, on the violoncello and double bass, and Mr. W. Cramer played a solo on the violin which elicited great applause. Mozart's *Benedictus* was nicely sung by Masters Poyney and Cossey, Messrs. Harding and Ingram. Miss Cubitt, daughter of the double-bass player, sang a variety of songs, and was encored in Mr. Lover's "Fairy Tempter;" also in a romance of Weber, in which she was accompanied on the flute by Mr. Aylward. The glee of "Hark! the lark," was well sung and encored. A clever duet, the composition of Mr. Corfe, was sung with great success by Miss Cubitt and Master Poyner. The following excellent regulation was printed in the programme:—"The doors will be closed during the performance of each piece, and, as this rule will be rigidly observed in regard to the *concluding overture*, parties desirous of leaving before the close of the concert are requested to avail themselves of the interval that will be afforded them."*

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—An *anthem* by Handel, a *chorus* by Mozart, and another *chorus* by Haydn, which have never been heard at these performances, will be given at the first concert of the series. The singers will be Mme. Caradori Allan, Miss Birch, Miss Hawes, and Mme. F. Lablache, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Balfe, Mr. H. Phillips or Mr. Stretton.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—We noticed at the concert on Monday, several new faces in the orchestra; some, two extra double-basses, additions to the former strength of the band; some to supply the places of voluntary seceders; and some to fill up the gaps occasioned by the death of several highly distinguished performers. The following are the names of the recruits, who, it is to be expected will in most instances, by youthful enthusiasm, amply compensate for the veteran experience of their predecessors; Mr. Lazarus for second clarinet, Mr. Williams, who played second to Willman, being now promoted; Mr. Payton, Mr. Hope, Mr. Thirlwall, and Mr. Eliason, for violins; (have the directors solicited the return of this latter gentleman as a bribe to prevent the threatened opposition Philharmonic at Drury-Lane?) Mr. H. J. Banister, and Mr. W. L. Phillips for violoncellos; and Mr. W. Bull of the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. Severn, and Mr. Schröder of the late private band of Queen Adelaide, for double-basses. This gentleman plays upon the German double-bass with four strings, the scale of which extends down to E, and even amongst the great number who play at the Philharmonic, we could perceive the voluminous richness of these lower notes, and therefore longed, however heretical may be the desire, for the restoration in England, of this very important part of the compass of the instrument. Those who have retired from the orchestra, and whose secession is in consequence of the general reduction of terms, are Signor Anfossi, and Messrs. Tolbecque and Roussetot:—it will be seen, from the slight on the society evinced by these three foreigners, how greatly dependent is the Philharmonic for the support of its great and deserved renown on our native artists; we hope the consciousness thus thrust upon them will root up from among the directors the anti-national partiality, which has ever characterized the government of this society and lead them to encourage, rather than as heretofore, to disparage British talent. At the bottom of the programme is the following announcement: it is a new thing for the Philharmonic to be issuing puffing advertisements; we do not comment on the circumstance; alas! it speaks for itself but too plainly. "The directors respectfully acquaint the subscribers that having engaged an efficient chorus, they intend to perform, in the course of the ensuing concert, the *Second Finale in Weber's Oberon*;—for the first time in London, Mendelssohn's "*Loibgesang*," a *Hymn of Praise*; and the *Overture to Bevenuto Cellini*, by Berlioz."

* We would suggest the adoption of this plan by other philharmonic societies, as a probable means to ensure an audience of the last piece of the programme to such as may be auditorily inclined.—ED. M. W.

SOCIETÀ ARMONICA.—Mr. Forbes, the persevering and indefatigable Director of this Society, is immersed in the full tide of preparation for the concerts, which are to commence on the 22nd inst., and will be given as usual, in the Opera Concert Room, on alternate Mondays, to the end of the series.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The Queen Dowager has been solicited to attend the forthcoming concert of this society, and has returned for answer, that ill health prevents her appearing in public at present. This new instance of discouragement and unsupport from the powers that should be patrons, must be a further impulse to the independence of the British musicians, who, in their appeal to the public, will do better to rely on an efficient performance of an effective programme for the vindication of their claims to attention, than hope to creep into public favour through the medium of royal countenance. There is every reason to expect that the concert of Monday will be worthy of the high pretensions which have been put forth.

ITALIAN OPERA.—M. Laporte has published his plan of operations for the ensuing campaign, which must certainly prove attractive to that large portion of Italian opera patrons who are sufficiently credulous to put faith in everything foreign, or fashionably indifferent enough to be lured and led astray by any charlatanism to which *certain* individuals have become proselytes; but all mentally disposed persons will be sceptical of a *bulletin* which announces more than can possibly be accomplished, besides much that verges very far into the latitude of improbability. To analyze the scheme and prove this would benefit nobody, since the clear-sighted must foresee it, and purblind fashionables will find it out in due time; but we must express our surprise and regret that, in a list of sixteen operas set down for representation, some never heard in this country and some never again to be heard elsewhere, but three of Rossini's are mentioned, and only one (*La Clemenza di Tito*) by Mozart. We are startled at the latter discovery, remembering, as we well do, our frequent incipient suffocation rendered endurable by the delicious odours of *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro*, breathing like the scent of ever-fresh flowers through the incommensurable crowds drawn together during the dog-days; and we regret it, because we think that an institution which could not exist without a very liberal support from the public, ought not, for the sake of gratifying a few vitiated palates, to withhold from the many an occasional meal of solid and wholesome food. The season is to commence on the 9th with a revival of Cimarosa's *Orzi e Curiazi* in which Mme. Grachi and Signor Ringhini will make their *debut*, and Mme. Pauline Garcia, Viardot, and Signor Mario will also appear. Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, Signori Rubini, Lablache, and Di Barretti, a new bass, are to appear in the course of the season; but *il Tamburini* will not come to terms, and so we have no *Don Giovanni* nor *Count Almaviva*. Mesdames Taglioni, Fanny Elssler, and Cerito are to appear severally in the course of the season, and, *quelle danse prodigieuse!* M. Laporte tells us they will appear collectively in the month of July.

GERMAN OPERA. We understand that the following important singers will appear in the course of the Drury Lane season: Mme. Stoeckel Heinefetter, who distinguished herself so much last year in her performance of *Iphigenia*, Mme. Schroeder Devrient, and Herr Haitzinger, the great favourites of the first German opera speculator in London, Mesdames Lehman and Von Hasselt Barth, from the Imperial Theatre of Vienna, Mme. Schumann, the admired subrette of last season, Herr Mellinger and the celebrated Herr Tichatschek of Dresden. Herr Ganz, the director of last year, and Herr Heinrich Marschner, the composer of *Der Vampyr*, are to conduct.

ENGLISH OPERA.—The rehearsals of Mr. Balfe's new opera of *Keolanthe*, promise much for its success in representation. The music is written with the author's usual command of the orchestra and voices, and his happy tact for dramatic effect. The story is one of diablerie, and though original in its conduct, is constructed on the old idea of the hero going to sleep in the first scene, dreaming a variety of adventures throughout the piece, and waking, to find himself quite well and happy at the conclusion. The unusually large chorus is very efficient, having been drilled by Mr. Land; and the band realizes our expectations.

CONCERTS D'HIVER.—The closing of these performances is announced for this evening, when Mr. Eliason puts up his name for a benefit; and a repetition of the *Bal Masqué* will take place to-morrow. An extra concert-night will, probably, be given on Saturday, and, possibly, a super-extra on Monday next.

ORIGINAL PROMENADES.—The "first rate sixty" guilty of the "original sin" which has entailed so much mortification upon themselves and others, had a meeting on Friday last at Drury Lane Theatre, for the final adjustment of their protracted Lyceum disputes, legal and financial; when a general smoking of the *kahumet* (not cigars, but the Indian pipe of peace) took place; and the balance in the hands of the treasurer, thus rescued from the opened, shark-like jaws of a Chancery suit, will be most amicably shared, at a meeting to be held this day at the Hanover Square Rooms, when we trust the "Sixty" will separate, never again to assemble for so injudicious and unartistical a purpose as the degradation of music for the individual worship of Mammon.

EDINBURGH COLLEGE CONCERTS.—These performances, the first of which was noticed in our provincial report of last week, were given in pursuance of the will of the late General Reid, who founded, by a very liberal bequest, the professorship of music in the University, now so ably sustained by Mr. John Thompson. The General, who was a great patron of music and an amateur composer, directed that a portion of the fund placed by him in the treasury of the college, should be available towards the expenses of an annual concert, at which some one of his own works should be performed, as a preservative of his memory, and a record of the style of music cultivated in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The second and third performances took place last week, to the infinite gratification of all parties, and confirmatory of Professor Thompson's judgment, skill, and abilities, as a conductor and musician.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT have been elected honorary members of the St. Cecilia Academy, at Rome, a musical institution, established in 1584. If the royal *dilettante* be as indifferent members as they are careless patrons of musical institutions, the Cecilian Society will be much advantaged by their election.

MR. H. PHILLIPS.—We learn with regret that this gentleman has met with a severe injury in Dublin, by a fall. We are not aware of the extent of the ill sustained, but hope that report has exaggerated the statement of it.

MR. F. CHATTERTON and **MR. KIALLMARK** performed several pieces on the harp and pianoforte, before the Queen Dowager, the Duke of Cambridge, and a distinguished party, at the mansion of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, on Thursday evening last.

MR. ELIASON talks mysteriously of a new project, which is to transcend the éclat of the exploded explosions of Drury Lane. He does not divulge particulars, and it is not for us to make surmises; but we promise the earliest authentic account to our readers.

MR. WOLFF and **THE PHILHARMONIC**.—This gentleman was to have re-appeared at this society's concert on Monday, but he wished to play a composition of his own, which the directors would not allow him to do, and therefore engaged Mr. Deloffre, who surely could not have been preferred for the sake of the very pretty *soi-disant* concerts of Mayseder which he performed.

MADAME PASTA has recently concluded a very prosperous engagement at St. Petersburg, and is now delighting the inhabitants of Moscow with those well known powers, which, like some exotic plants, are said to bloom afresh when transplanted to a new climate. On her quitting the capital, the Emperor Nicholas presented Madame Pasta with a ring of the value of eight hundred rubles.

MADAME MARA was in the habit of taking great liberties with the public, and in the constant practice of keeping her seat, while the other principal singers were, more decorously, standing. The young men at Oxford seized a very favourable opportunity of rebuking her. Everybody knows, that the moment the *Hallelujah* chorus commences, performers and audience all rise: Mara, however, was silly enough to resist this custom on the occasion alluded to, and was fairly hissed out of the orchestra.

CURIOUS MUSICAL MADNESS.—A few days since, one of the congregation at the church of St. Sulpice, in Paris, interrupted the service by loud shrieks and subsequent moans; declaring that he was one of the organ pipes blown out of its place in the noble instrument of that church, by the excessively violent *fortissimo* of the player; and on being removed, most beseechingly requested to be restored to his position in the diapason rank, in order that the service might proceed, and the instrument in which he and his colleagues had often responded to the delicate touch of Gretry, might be restored to its original perfection.

MARTIALANA HARMONICA.—No. VII.

LAPORTE, who doats on great effects,
And vows to please all ranks and sects,
Puts forth a mighty bill of fare,
Brim full of matters strange and rare.
Three *prime donne*, bound to sing
In harmony, a wondrous thing!
Three *belles danseuses*, to whirl and wheel,
And tread not on each others heel!
Lablache to blow his final blast!
Rubini's latest squeak, not last!
And lest the larkish high-born low
Should lack some cause for genteel row,
He Tamburini cuts, *sans doute*,
T' afford another "Haut Emeute!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"An Amateur and Subscriber" is informed that the salaries of choristers vary in different cathedrals, and that the average stipend is £20 per annum.

"Clio." We will publish the information desired next week; we shall be glad to hear from "Clio" on all occasions, having, as he supposes, no correspondence in that quarter.

"X. C." A full account of the Birmingham organ has already appeared in No. 252 of the "Musical World."

"We are obliged by Professor Thomson's communication, which, having been directed to our late publisher's, has arrived too late for consideration, in the present number. We shall avail ourselves of it next week, and take this opportunity of stating that we shall at all times be most happy to hear from this valuable correspondent.

The paper by Mr. Hogarth will appear in a subsequent number.

"A Subscriber's" communication arrived after the subject was in our printer's hands; we shall be glad to hear from him on a future occasion.

We agree with a correspondent in thinking the circumstance relating to Mr. Nadaud not worth noticing.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Jullien.—Quadrilles Les Epingles; Pauline's Waltzes, and Mazeppa Galop *Wessel.*
Bosio's A la Noblesse quadrille, Le Couver Feu *Ditto.*
Lardelli.—La Prise de St. Jean d'Acre *Boosey.*
grandes valse *Ditto.*
Tolbecque.—Le Comique Quadrilles *Ditto.*

HARP.

Chatterton, J. B.—Lovely Night *Chappell.*
Bochsa.—La Mode a St. Petersburg, favourite national mazurkas, preceded by the national anthem, God preserve the Czar, with flute and violoncello accompaniments, ad lib. *Boosey.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Weber's Works, edited by Moscheles.—No. 14, Grand Duet, for pianoforte and clarinet or violin, op. 47; no. 15, Divertimento for pianoforte, and guitar or violoncello, op. 38; no. 16, Trio for piano, flute, or violin and violoncello, op. 63 *Chappell.*
Frisch.—Souvenir de Moise fantasie on the prayer, Dal tuo stellata, for cornets a piston and piano *Wessel.*

Schneider.—Duets in flat keys for 2 flutes edited by J. Clinton *Wessel.*
Dotzner's 24 Capriccios for violoncello, op. 35 *Ditto.*
Berbiguier.—Op. 28, 6 Duos Faciles, for ditto, edited by ditto *Ditto.*

VOCAL.

Pacini.—Saffo Opera Seria, Al crin le cingete la rosea corona, duetto *Boosey.*
Teco dall are pronobe, scena ed aria, finale *Ditto.*
Von Weber, C. M.—When the orb of day reposing, serenade *Chappell.*
Tully, J. H.—The Sisters, ballad *Ditto.*
Horn.—My Gondola's Waiting, song *Cramer.*
Knight.—The Launch, song *Ditto.*
Czeruy.—Theme from Zampa *Ditto.*
E. J. Westrop.—Universal Psalmist complete; ditto, parts 1, 2, 3; ditto, nos. 1 to 12 *Z. T. Purday.*
—Antiphonal, a collection of anthems, nos. 1, 2, 3 *Ditto.*
Knight, J. P.—Beautiful Venice *Ditto.*
—England's bud of beauty, glee *Ditto.*
Blewitt, J.—Happy stars, duetto for 2 equal voices *Ditto.*
Smith, G. T.—Wanted a Wife *Ditto.*

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